

August 2019

Mary May

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Mary May" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 811.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/811

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



MARY MAY.



London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and
Publisher, 177, Union-street, Borough, S.E.



THEY have chosen some proud stran-
ger,

Because a lord was he,
And could boast of wealth and riches,
And a line of high degree.
They have left me here to languish,
To fade and pine away,
They have made the world a desert,
Bereft of Mary May.

When I met her in the valley,
And wandered by her side,
She told me that she loved me,
And vowed to be my bride ;
They have torn the tie asunder,
She now is far away,
They have left me broken-hearted,
Bereft of Mary May.

She is happy with a stranger,
While I am left alone,
There's naught remains to cheer me,
Since Mary May is gone.
I'll seek some far distant dwelling,
And bear my grief away,
You'll hear that I am dying,
For thee, my Mary May.



THE GIPSY GIRL.

—:o:—

THEY wiled me from my greenwood
home,

They won me from the tent,
And slightly they spoke of scenes,
Where my young days were spent ;
They dazzled me with halls of light,
But tears would sometimes start,
They thought 'twas but to charm the eye,
And they might win the heart.

They little knew what ties of love
Had bound me in their spell,
The greenwood was my happiest home,
And there I loved to dwell.

They gave me gems to bind my hair,
I longed the while for flowers,
Fresh gathered by my gipsy freres
From nature's wildest bowers.

They gave me books ;—I loved alone
To read the starry skies ;
They taught me songs—the songs I loved
Were nature's melodies.

I never heard a captive bird
But panting to be free,
I longed to burst his prison door,
And share his liberty.

'Twas kindly meant, and kindly hearts,
Were those who bade me roam
From nature, and from forests free,
To search the City's home :
The woods are green—the hedges white,
With leaves and blossoms fair,
There's music in the forest now,
And I too must go there.

Oh do not chide the gipsy girl,
Oh call her not unkind,
I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend,
As her I leave behind ;
Yet I must to the greenwood go,
My heart has long been there,
And nothing but the greenwood now,
Can save me from despair.